

Talmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

"You mean you prefer I shouldn't receive him here?" She nodded pleasantly. "Then certainly I shall not. Such things are much better for offices; you are quite right." She swept lightly and quickly to the door, where she paused, gathering her skirts. "I shall not detain you another instant! And if Mr. Louden comes this afternoon I'll remember. I'll not let him come in, of course. It will be perhaps pleasant to talk over my proposition as we walk."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIMPLIFIED SPELLERS.

Report of One of Their Recent Meetings.

(From the New York Sun.)

Twenty-two men and seven women sat in the east room at Waldorf-Astoria (kindness of A. Carnegie). They were all simple spellers. Professor Lounsbury of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., presided. A stenographer (kindness of A. Carnegie) stenographed. The silence was broken only by speeches.

Every now and then a page brought in a card for Dr. David Starr Jordan. Occasionally Professor Lounsbury yawned exuberantly. In the back row an elderly man closed his eyes and slumbered. From time to time Prof. Calvin Thomas of Columbia made a motion. Brother Matthews stayed away. There was an atmosphere of gloom. It may have been resignation.

The discussion of the afternoon was about the list of 3,000 victims prepared by the Philological Society of England and the American Philological Association. By the time of the discussion, however, the list appeared to have touched the breasts of several of the terrorist brand, and they made appeals for their favorites, mentioning some good traits of the accused, some kind deed done, some little act of charity or thoughtfulness.

A thoughtful person of lawyer-like mien was in the hall outside the room where the list of the 3,000 victims was being discussed. He was in the act of sending in a card to Dr. David Starr Jordan. Everybody fore-prays and petitions.

"Dr. Jordan says," interrupted the page returning, "that he will be out just as soon as he finds out the phonetic differentiation between 'pit' and 'te'."

"In that case," said the lawyer-like person, "I will be going. I shall recommend my client to appeal to the brutal court, as he has heard of the appeal, forwent thoughtfulness, that Dr. Jordan made for the life of poor 'throughout,' and now that he has established a reputation for kindness, everybody who has a simple spellers' endeavor to interest the president of the Standard University in his belief. It is so with the tall, lawyer-like person."

"I represent an anxious adjective," he said, "by the name of 'wholesome.' A rumor is afloat that there is a move on foot to cut off his 'we.' I have left my silent downstairs at the bar, where he is trying to brace himself up with a little of the bones recommended by the board. 'Wholesome' is not 'whiskies.' My client feels that without his 'we' life would never be the same again. He has worn that 'we' so long that he would be lonesome without it, and, moreover, few of his old friends would recognize him without it. He is therefore, 'wholesome.'"

Indignant the jury room Henry Holt was considering the appeals for mercy that had been handed up by friends of many in the 2,000 sentenced martyrs. In fact, he was supplementing them. He said some of the condemned had lived comparatively blameless lives and that there were a lot of words that were far more disreputable than they were, judged by any standard. "I am," he looked to the next day, as if he were a victim. There were too many exceptions and it is exceptions, he said, that make our lists scoffed at by the 'indolently.'"

All the same, Mr. Holt was far from abandoning the conspirators. What he wanted was a new list of 3,000. There were many names in that old list that went far to turn what the conspirators of that list would make him call his stomach. Conspirator Holt wasn't actuated by any feelings of pity in the stand he took. Far from it. But there were a lot of words that had done things to him and he wanted to use his pull to have 'em put on the passers list."

It was so disapproved that some of his philological enemies had escaped a place in the original list of 3,000 that he called that list "an awful blotch" right out in meeting.

Conspirator Holt warned his fellow plotters to beware of typewriters. He had told his to apply the rule about words ending in 'ed' and the next day they had "retreated" as if it were "retract." It appeared that typewriters had no judgment.

Mr. Holt moved that the meeting recommend to the simplified board, that a committee of three be named to revise that death list of 3,000 and submit it for the approval of the philologists who had made the "awful blotch" of which he was the originator. The motion was passed.

Dr. William F. Harris talked a spell about spelling and memory tests and said that Mr. Holt was a wheeler-dealer on the word-world, the inference being that Old Hoss Matthews was a leader. Dr. Harris added that Mr. Holt ought to be named on that list.

Mr. Holt made some reply which the reporter missed, because just at that moment a page came in with a card for Dr. Jordan. The reporter was also absorbed in contemplating the cloud of witnessing chinkers that were in attendance and in wondering what could be the connection between simple spelling and complicated air. This speculation was interrupted by the reading of a very exacting paper by Dr. Rudolf Tombo on "The Simplification of German Spelling." The simplifiers gave the closest attention while it was read by him.

The meeting ended as a page came in with a card for Dr. Jordan. The speaker's objective was found so full of "whiskey" but "it" did not appear to care whether he was "it" or not.

REFLECTION OF A BACHELOR.

The average woman will go without a square meal to ride in a cab.

A girl seems to think being engaged is as to be like people in a novel. Some people want to be on a jury so as to get the testimony that is not printable.

A woman can't help being interested in a man who has been divorced without knowing the real reason why.

When a man does well in business his wife thinks it's because he gets such good meals at home and probably she is right.

—New York Press.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 21.—With the opening spring the preacher returns to the book of nature and finds a gospel lesson in the wonders of the awakening insect world. The text is Proverbs xxx, 27. "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands."

The more I study the Bible in connection with the revelations which science has given to us in the natural world the more wonderful and marvelous the omnipotence and omnipresence of God appear to me. There are some people who never study the goodness and mercy of God outside of the leaves of the holy book. When you begin to talk to them about the wonders of God in nature, they reply, "Why don't you preach the old gospel instead of talking about tadpoles and snakes and bugs and beetles and such stuff?" The reason I talk so much about nature, my friend, is because I find the character of God revealed there and the gospel preached there, and I am sustained by the example of the Bible itself, which is full of such sermonic themes. I have also the authority of the wisest of men, who hide us watch the comets building their houses in the rocks, and the ants providing food for the winter's storm, and the spider swinging her silken hammocks in the king's palace, and the locusts marching to their conquests in great bands.

It is amazing how much our love and reverence for God will grow if we only study closely the marvelous conformations and habits of the lowest and most despised of his creatures. If we do not see God in the natural world, then it is because we have eyes that are blind, and it is about now we scattered the darkness of ignorance by letting in the light of investigation and study. When a new student entered one of Professor Agassiz's classes, the great teacher of natural science would place before him the skeleton of an ordinary fish like the black bass. "Study that," would be his first command, "and then come and tell me what you see." The student in amazement would sit down and look at those dried bones for a little while, and then he would go to the professor's desk and say, "Why, teacher, I see the skeleton of a fish. That is all." Then the professor would show him how the fish's skeleton is joined together by one big backbone, like the skeleton of man; how the fish's tail and fins are used by the fish as man's hands and feet are used when he swims; how the fish has a series of spines above and beneath it to keep it in a perpendicular position, so it can cut its way through the water. The professor would point out that the head of the fish is made of strong bony substance, like the iron prow of a boat. There the strength of the fish must be very great. Thus the new student learned how the bones were fitted together and how the jaws were set for catching the prey. After he had spoken thus for a long time Professor Agassiz would say: "My son, never say again that a bone is simply a bone. When you study a bone, you must notice how it joins with other bones and learn what is the purpose of that bone. Now you are ready to begin your scientific studies as one of my students." Thus, in my text, Solomon bids us study the locust, that marvelous little insect whose ravages are the dread of the farmer. He would have us observe how it is constructed, how it is adapted for the work it has to do and how it co-operates with its fellows, like a soldier in an army. This opening spring season is an appropriate time for following Solomon's advice and considering "the locusts, who have no king, but who go forth in bands."

In the first place, when I began to study the little creature of my text I was surprised to find out what an insignificant insect it was individually. God seems to have given it no means of self protection. It has no rapier with which to stab like the hornet, no sting like the bee, no cruel bark like the hawk, no deadly claw like the tiger, no deadly poison like the tarantula, or the snake, no viscid jaw, as has the alligator, and no powerful wing like the wing of the albatross. It is so helpless as an individual that the smallest kind of insects can attack it with impunity. It is the prey of innumerable destroyers. Wherever the swarms of locusts go, they fly great flocks of greedy birds feeding upon them. When the locusts are in the egg or the larvae state, they are destroyed by the millions, yet these seemingly helpless insects have been the most feared of all the insects of the world. No plague of Egypt struck more terror to the hearts of Pharaoh and his subjects than this plague of countless, black, pestilence, stinging locusts, but when this thought dawned upon me I said, "Is it not a fact that the men and the women in this world who have accomplished most for God have carried no armaments, whose jaws concealed no poisonous fang, whose tongue never gave a rapier thrust and whose hand was never the murderous claw of the wild beast?"

But there is another fact to which I want to draw your attention in reference to these insignificant insects. They are insignificant as to the strength of their bodies. It seems as though the span of their life is as a breath. Hardly are they hatched and their wings grown than, like a moth flying about in a candlelight, their lives seem to be snuffed out in a day, and yet the brevity of the locust's life does not startle me, for I find that some of the greatest men have been the shortest lived men.

Soon after Percy Shelley was drowned in the bay of Spezia his widow, Mary Shelley, wrote these beautiful words: "Shelley, my beloved, this year has a new name from any thou knowest. When spring arrives, leaves thou never saw will shadow the ground, and flowers you never beheld will stand, and the grass will be of another growth. Thy name is added to the list

which makes the earth bold in her age and proud of what has been." But, though Percy Shelley climbed to the highest pinnacle of fame, like John Keats, and Arthur Henry Hallam, and Raphael, and Robertson, and Alexander, and hosts of others of the world's greatest leaders, he died before middle life had been reached. You cannot judge a man's usefulness by the numerical list of his earthly days. Some of the world's greatest benefactors have been men who died before the silver hair was fringing their foreheads or before their youth had waned.

Brevity of Life.

But the insignificance of the locust's intellect is even more startling than the brevity of its physical life. These locusts seem to be like the camels among the beasts and like the turkeys among the birds. They seem to be the stupidest of all insects. They seem to have no law of organization. They seem to have no skill in hire building, like the ant. They do not have the genius of the bee or the ingenuity of the spider or the skill of the fox or the spider or the swallow. Dr. Henry McCook, the great authority on the ant and the spider, tells us that for hours he has lain down with an ant to study the wonderful intelligence of these insects. But the locust does not have the intelligence of an ant. Like the tortoise, which has been known to live and to walk for six months after its brain has been extracted, the locust seems to have but little intelligence, but this little intelligence used in a certain way has made its approach the terror of the beasts of the fields, the birds of the air and of man in his fortified castle.

Now, after we have studied the insignificance of the locust as an individual let us try to ascertain wherein lies the strength of his power. In the first place, the greatest strength of the locust lies not in his individual self, but in his fertility or the numbers of her descendants. It has been mathematically calculated that if the unrestricted increase of a common pair of gypsy moths were allowed by nature to grow in eight years there would be alive enough of their caterpillars to destroy the entire vegetation of the United States. But even these caterpillars of the gypsy moth are not so numerous as those of the common locust.

Earth Alive With Them.

In 1845 a considerable number of these insects visited the Lebanon region in Syria and remained there only a few days, just long enough to deposit their eggs and then disappear. In about six months these eggs were hatched. A short time afterward those small locusts started up the mountain sides. The whole earth seemed to be alive with them. From one hatching there seemed to be millions and billions of them. They rolled on like the movements of an augmented river. Then, when the reader realizes that this multitude of locusts was but the result of one hatching and that the same swarms of locusts not only deposited their eggs once, but many times during a year, he can to some extent realize the prolific and formidable power of these dreaded pests. Each female locust is supposed to lay about eighty eggs at a time. Nearly all their eggs are fertile. Thus it is possible for a female locust to have thousands and tens of thousands of descendants in a single year. This amazing power of multiplication staggers the imagination, but it is only the rapidity of it that makes it so wonderful.

The increase from year to year in the world's human population is as wonderful. Man is here exerting his influence on his generation. What will be his influence in the next generation through his children? We do not realize the past so clearly looking forward as we do looking backward. You had two parents. You had four grandparents and eight great-grandparents. You had sixteen great-great-grandparents and thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents. And if you trace your ancestors back to the time of William the Conqueror, or about 900 years, you had 800,000 different ancestors. And of all your ancestors there is not one whose influence is not being felt to greater or less extent in your life today. Let me illustrate this fact in another way even more startling. William Bradford of Plymouth colony died in 1657, or about 250 years ago. William Bradford had only three children, who lived to grow up and be married and have children of their own. Their names were William, Mary and Joseph. And yet there are living today in America over 5,000 direct descendants of William Bradford. Oh, do not tell me that my greatest-great-grandfather is now in my children's lives! I tell thee if I can win them for God, and they, in turn, will win their children for God, within a few generations I will influence for God directly or indirectly more people than are today living in the state of California. There never was a truer statement made than "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Not Hermits.

But there is another fact to which I want to call your attention besides the fecundity of the locusts. It is to their gregarious habits. These seemingly insignificant insects are not hermits. They do not live alone or travel alone. They bury their eggs side by side. The young are hatched out together. They live together. They feed together. They travel together. And as a result they are not only feared on account of their numbers, but they are especially feared because these swarms of moving locusts can never be split up and separated from each other. Solomon, the inspired naturalist, wrote that, though the locusts have no king, they do go forth in bands. If the locusts did not associate together in such great numbers, the damage they might inflict would not be seriously felt. It would be here a little and there a little. But when they unitedly move along and attack a garden or a valley or a forest they literally kill and devour everything in sight. Why cannot the Christian reformers of this world learn a mighty lesson today from the gregarious insignificant locusts?

The forces of evil make no such mistake as do the children of God. The satan never fights the satan as the church fights the church. There are enough advocates of temperance reform in the church today to sweep the wine sellers out of existence. What then is the trouble? One-half of those

temperance advocates belong to one political party and half to another, and thus their influence at the ballot box is absolutely nullified. There are enough Christians today in the land to purify every city, morally as well as spiritually. But what is the difficulty? The church of one denomination will try to undermine the church of another denomination, and there is a common tendency to the spiteful creed higher than the love of the cross. The church members are just as though one half of a locust's swarm were to go to work and fight the other half of the swarm until they exterminated each other while the rich harvest fields were lying near at hand, full with ripened grain, ready to satisfy even their rapacious hunger. Oh, that today the Christian men, the disciples of Jesus, could drop all their personal differences and work side by side for the glory and the eternal triumph of Jesus Christ!

A Unit For Christ.

What makes England the greatest factor of the world in international politics? It is this: The English people always act as a unit in a foreign movement. Though British subjects may have their home differences, as the members of a family criticize each other at their own firesides, yet when it comes to a foreign policy the world knows that all Britishers will stand shoulder to shoulder to support their king, no matter what their personal differences may be, even as the locusts in unison will swarm to attack a dense forest. May all the disciples of Christ learn to act as a unit for Christ! The most impressive power is the cumulative influence of overwhelming numbers. Friction brings exhaustion. Exhaustion is the forerunner of death. All that Satan wants is to have one of the good Christian men of the world fight the other half of the good men of the world for the glory of God, and then there will be no need for Satan to wage a battle.

But there is one more thought that I have about the insignificant insects of my text, and then I am done. After the locusts have once taken up the line of march or flight they can never be headed away from their straight course. When in a midnight tempest the great herd of cattle upon a western prairie take fright and, mad with bitter fear, stampede, the cowboy may ride to the head of the herd and turn the leaders and get them moving in a circle, but the locusts in their flight can never be headed off from moving in a straight line. Fires may be built, ditches may be dug, but they will march on or fly on until with their dead bodies they smother out the flames and fill up the ditches. Then over the corpses of their dead comrades the rest of the swarm will keep steadily on in their course.

Even the sea itself cannot stop them in their onward progress. Dr. W. H. Thomson in his book called "Brain and Brevity" records this wonderful fact: "While I was sojourning in Syria I heard that the whole country round Mount Lebanon was dismayed by the news that a vast army of marching locusts was coming from the eastern desert. The governor of the district ordered out a regiment of soldiers to aid the people to construct a great rampart of brush to be set on fire as the locusts came up to it, hoping thus to save the gardens of Beirut. When they reached the prepared heaps of brush and these were set on fire, the locusts marched on without pausing until in a brief time they put the fires entirely out. As the sea was not far off, everybody hoped that they would take to surf bathing. When the vanguard reached the waves, like all true, good locusts, in they hopped till the billows seemed to roll end mill grasshoppers. Nor did the scene end until the last of the rear guard, faithful to the great law of his being, had skipped over the heads of his dead comrades to make his last leap into the blue waters of the Mediterranean." Oh, that we might all have the perseverance of the locusts! After God has once mapped out our line of march may we go on and on, no matter whether we live or die; may we still move on and on!

Concert of Action.

The trouble with most of our religious lives is that we do not act in concert. That is the first difficulty. The second is even more disastrous. We do not fight continuously and unrelentingly for the right. Our gospel movements for the most part are spasmodic. We are like a frisky colt trying to draw a load. We make a plunge now; we make a plunge again. But we do not slowly and surely tighten the traces and then keep steadily on pulling in the straight line. When the locust once maps out his line of march, he never swerves one inch from his straight line. So may we first find out what our straight line of duty is, then slowly, surely and unswervingly go ahead, toiling that line, no matter what may happen to us personally. Let us do for God what the locust does in living up to his small intelligence.

And cannot we afford to follow the leadings of our God? Will he not direct us aright and care for us? Is not his power infinite? Cannot he triumph over even the power of the destroying locusts? Some years ago the harvests of one of our large western states were about to be destroyed by the annual visitation of this awful locust scourge. Year after year these locusts had come and deposited their eggs, and it seemed each year as though the farmer must desert his fields or starve. At that time there sat a Christian gentleman in the gubernatorial chair. He was the almost certain financial destruction which was threatening his people. So he sent forth a proclamation that all Christians should gather in the different churches on a certain day and pray that God would save them, for they were helpless before the locust plague. The day came. The whole state was in prayer. The proclamation was sent forth in the spring of the year. Now, what was the result of that day of fasting and prayer?

For a few days after the day of prayer the sun shone warm and bright. It was as hot a sun as that felt during any July harvest. The locust eggs were hatched out by the billions and trillions. The very dust of the road seemed to be alive with moving life. Then God placed his hand over the sun. A blizzard came whistling down from the far north. The biting cold made it necessary to start a fire in every stove. Within twenty-four hours

the prayers of the pleading Christians were answered. The locusts were frozen to death. Man may stand helpless before an army of advancing, destroying locusts, but God's power is infinite. God's power is above every other power, even that of the locust. (Copyright, 1907, by Louis Klopsch.)

He Knows Our Men.

"Paul Bourget, the French novelist," said a magazine editor, "thinks he understands American women. He is continually writing essays about them. Were I a woman these essays would make me mad. But Bourget does understand American men pretty well. Once at a dinner that Richard Harding Davis gave in his honor Bourget handed out to our men a singularly large and ardent lemon. He said that we are too lax and boorish toward our wives. He said we often treated a pretty yellow haired typewriter girl hired yesterday with more gentleness and courtesy than we gave to wives of twenty or thirty years' standing. He instanced the case of a man who sat reading the evening paper one night, a cigar in his mouth and his feet on the sofa."

"Darling," said his wife, "do you love me?"

"Yes," he answered without looking up.

"As much as ever?"

"Sure," said the man as he struck a match and relighted his cigar.

"Why?" the woman pursued tenderly.

"Oh, I don't know," said he. "Habit, I suppose."—Exchange.

Ups and Downs of Geronimo.

There are many men in the west who would dearly love to have a pot shot at Geronimo, men whose kinsfolk died in torture in the light of their blazing homes some thirty odd years ago. And it was impossible for the thousands who have seen him in recent years at St. Louis or Buffalo or with a "wild west" show to realize these facts, as collected by the Society of Pioneers of Arizona:

"Seventy-six white men, women and children were killed by Geronimo in his last raid. It is said that in the years 1869 and 1870 176 persons were murdered by his band of Apaches, and, according to a record kept by Herman Ehrenberger, a civil and mining engineer, 425 persons, at that time one-half the American population of Arizona, fell victims to the scalping knives of Geronimo's braves between 1856 and 1882."

Now his talents are turned toward making money by selling bows and arrows and posing for artists.—Outing Magazine.

Kipling at a Luncheon.

At a tea the other day, says the New York Sun, a woman heard the following remarks made about her favorite author. She turned to listen, amazed by the eccentricities of conduct narrated.

"Yes, you know," the hostess was saying, "Kipling came in and behaved so strangely." At such a time he suddenly sprang up and wouldn't let the waitress come near the table. Every time that she tried to come near he would jump at her.

"He made a dive for the cake, which was on the lower shelf of the sideboard, and took it into the parlor to eat it. He got the crumbs all over the sofa and the beautiful rug."

"When he had finished his cake he simply sat and glared at me."

The visitor finally could not control herself and asked, "Excuse me, but are you speaking of Rudyard Kipling?"

"Rudyard Kipling?" echoed the hostess. "Oh, no; Kipling is our dog."

Old Names of Sailors.

When the crew of the timber laden vessel from Nova Scotia were lined up at Liverpool in order that they might "declare" before the customs officer, one man gave his name as Washington Seafoam and another as Salvation Army. Thinking the men were joking, the officer appealed to the captain, who confirmed the accuracy of the names.—Birmingham Post.

"The Invalid Crawl."

Alas, somebody in England will nothing better to do has invented a new walk, and it is being taken up here. At the start of practice a girl must be weights to the bottom of the skirt. In walking she must appear to be so weary that she scarcely can drag one foot after another. Her step must be long and creepy, without the slightest hint of energy. Thus walk Queen Alexandra, who adds a slight limp, as she has been lame since in fancy. It is hinted the languid movements were designed to hide that defect. Gowns must be of stuff that gives a clinging effect. Then the slow long step, with a bending of the neck at every stride, will be the most effective.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Cellulose and the Pine Tree.

From the standpoint of industrial utility, says Professor Duncan in Harper's Magazine, the subject of cellulose can only be characterized as stupendous. Take a pine tree, for instance. Standing it is worth \$10 a ton; cut and stripped it is worth \$15; boiled into pulp it is worth \$40; bleached it is worth \$55; turned into viscose and spun into silk it is worth \$5,500.

How Machinery Pays For Itself.

It is estimated by the department of agriculture that last year's crop was produced and gathered at a saving of \$685,000,000 over what would have been the cost of raising an equal crop fifty years ago. This saving was accomplished by the use of modern agricultural implements.—Farm Machinery.

As Seen From a Balloon.

Sense of danger you have of course none, for you are so agitated at the dangers run by your dear ones below from motors and bicycles and trains and gas works and all the other things terrestrial that all concern for your own safety goes. And the shocking air they breathe and the horrid little wormlike trains that burrow in and out of dark looking holes—how unhealthy the whole earthly existence seems to you as you glide motionless through the air, with white clouds below you stretched out as a sort of silver carpet at your feet and above you a deep blue sky!—Bystander.

FAMOUS HISTORIC THEFTS.

Wertheimer Robbery in London Recalls Several Similar Crimes.

The recent burglary in London whereby Charles Wertheimer lost two almost priceless gems of art recalls to London Tit-Bits other famous picture thefts.

In May, 1879, a picture for which the Messrs. Agnew had paid the then record price of 10,000 guineas was on view in Bond street, and crowds daily flocked thither to view the masterpiece. On the evening of May 25 the picture was in its place. On the morning of the next day when the attendant opened the rooms an empty frame met his bewildered eyes.

The theft was wrapped in mystery, and the whereabouts of the picture remained a matter of conjecture for more than twenty years. The canvas, however, was ultimately recovered in 1901, through information given by a certain Pat Sheehy, which resulted in the Gainsborough's return from America, whither it had been taken by the actual thief, Adam Worth. It is now in the possession of J. Pierpont Morgan.

In the Royal academy of 1873 was exhibited a picture by Sidney Cooper, entitled "The Mourner of the Meadows," which later on became the property of Mr. Alfieff for £2,500. In September, 1881, a fire broke out in a room where the picture had been put during some decorative alterations which were taking place in the house. When the conflagration was got under control it was found that the picture had disappeared the canvas having been cut from the frame.

For some time nothing was heard of the stolen picture, but eventually Mr. Alfieff received a letter stating that the writer had been one of the donors engaged at the time of the loss and that he and two others had, on promise of a large reward, stolen the picture, which, as the original composer had not been kept, he was willing to return for £500. Other letters were received from time to time, but no final settlement was arrived at until the end of January, 1882, when the thieves were captured by the police and the picture was found in their possession.

A picture robbery which created a stir throughout the civilized world was that of the Murillo from the Cathedral of Seville. This, too, was cut from its frame and, like the Gainsborough, was taken across the Atlantic to New York, where for some time it remained in hiding. At last the thieves, in need of money, sold it to William Schaus, who, refusing the reward of £2,000 that had been offered for its recovery, returned it at once to the Spanish authorities.

In October, 1904, the National gallery suffered a loss in the theft of a portrait of Baron Munsie. This which was by the celebrated miniature painter Piner, was in broad daylight unscrewed from the wall and carried off while the attendant was engaged in showing the whereabouts of a particular picture to an inquiring visitor. The loss was almost immediately discovered, but the thief managed to get clear off and up to the present has not been captured.

The following year the Antwerp museum was robbed of a portrait of Franz Hals, valued at £10,000, while a few years back the Cincinnati institution and the St. Louis museum were visited by picture stealers who made off with several famous subjects by Meyer van Breemen, which were cut from their frames.

Holbein's "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" on view at Hampton Court palace, bears witness to this day of theft that may be termed patriotic. After the downfall of Charles I. Cromwell, to raise funds, purposed the sale of certain pictures, this among the number. The bargain was already made, but when the would be purchaser came to inspect Holbein's masterpiece he discovered that the head of Henry VIII. had been cut from the canvas.

He naturally cried off, and the picture was preserved to the nation. G. the restoration a nobleman, who confessed to having committed the theft for love of art and country, returned the missing head, which now occupies its original position in the canvas, a circle made by the knife being plainly visible.

ESTATE OF CORNELIUS P. RHODES, RICHMOND.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Cornelius P. Rhodes, late of Richmond, in said district deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the late residence of the deceased, in Richmond, in said district, on the first Saturdays of May and October, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 6th day of April, 1907.

E. F. NICHOLS,
F. F. FREEMAN,
Commissioners.

ESTATE OF MARTHA J. KINSLEY.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Grand Isle, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Martha J. Kinsley, late of Albany, Vt., in said district, deceased, hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment and allow claims at the residence of Eugene Theodor on Richmond, October 5 from 6 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., each of said days; and that six months from the date of April, A. D. 1907, is the time limited by said court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated at Albany, this 7th day of April, A. D. 1907.

Melbourn Hazen, administrator.
Expires October 5th, 1907.

LORAN WEDGEWORTH,
MYRON MCGREGOR,
Commissioners.

ESTATE OF MARY DOLAN, BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary Dolan, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of W. Brown, Jr., in said district, on the second Fridays of May and October, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1907.

W. BROWN, JR.,
AMBROSE A. DREW,
Commissioners.

ESTATE OF REBECCA SWEET, HUNTINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Rebecca Sweet, late of Huntington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the late residence of the deceased in Huntington, in said district, on the first Thursdays of June and October, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 4th day of April, 1907.

G. M. NORTON,
Commissioner.

ESTATE OF GEORGE GRENVILLE BENEDICT, BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of George Greenville Benedict, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of H. B. Shaw, in the Howard Bank building, in Burlington, in said district, on the second Fridays of May and October, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1907.

H. B. SHAW,
Commissioner.

ESTATE OF ABRIE G. LEWIS, BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Abrie G. Lewis, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of the Burlington Free Press, in said district, on the 15th day of October, 1907, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1907.

E. C. MOVER,
GEORGE A. MORRIS,
Commissioners.